

NO. 11
10c

NO MA'M,
I DIDN'T SWIPE THE
PIE FOR MYSELF. IT'S
FOR THE OFFICER.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JUNGLE JINGLE

**PITY THE POOR LITTLE
FRIGHTENED RABBIT,
HIDING FROM ENEMIES IS HIS
HABIT !**

WHAT IS
THE JOKE,
MR. LAUGHING
HYENA ?

HO ! HO !
PIPE DAT
SCAIRTY
BUNNY !

NO ONE IS
MEANER
THAN THAT OL'
HYENA --
I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING
FUNNY !



**HIS TEETH ARE DULL-AND
SO ARE HIS CLAWS-
NO MATCH FOR HUNGRY
JUNGLE JAWS !**

I EAT RABBITS
BECAUSE I'M TOUGH !
WHAT DO YOU EAT ?

C-CARROTS
AND
STUFF !



**BUT WHEN DANGER THREATENS
AND ACT HE MUST--
IN HIS TWO HIND LEGS HE PUTS
HIS TRUST !**

IT'S TIME FOR
LUNCH !
HA ! HA ! HO ! HO !
I'LL TRY YOU ON
FOR SIZE !

BUT FIRST
IMPROVE YOUR
APPETITE !
YOU NEED SOME
EXERCISE !



PUFF ! PUFF !
MY LEGS !
PUFF ! PUFF !
MY CHEST !

HA ! HA !
WHO LAUGHS
LAST,
LAUGHS BEST !



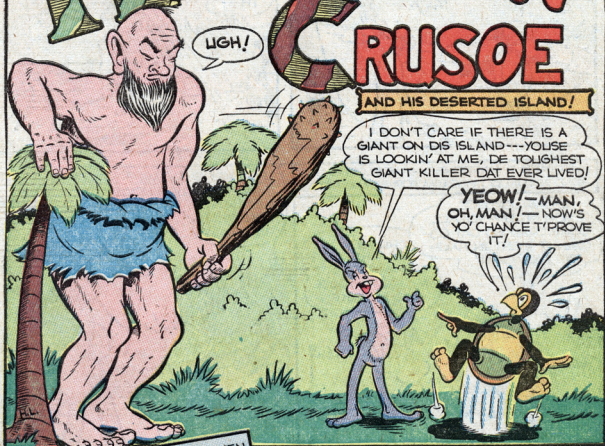
— Roy

MORAL :

**HE WHO LAUGHS AND RUNS AWAY
WILL LIVE TO LAUGH SOME OTHER DAY !**

RABBIT-SON CRUSOE

AND HIS DESERTED ISLAND!



UGH!

I DON'T CARE IF THERE IS A GIANT ON DIS ISLAND---YOU'SE IS LOOKIN' AT ME, DE TOUGHEST GIANT KILLER DAT EVER LIVED!

YEOW!--MAN, OH, MAN!--NOW'S YO' CHANCE T'PROVE IT!

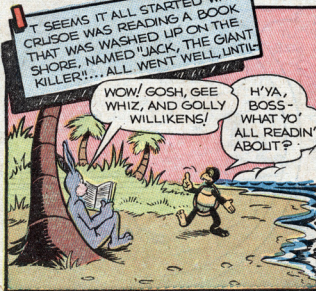
IT SEEMS IT ALL STARTED WHEN CRUSOE WAS READING A BOOK THAT WAS WASHED UP ON THE SHORE, NAMED "JACK, THE GIANT KILLER"... ALL WENT WELL, UNTIL-

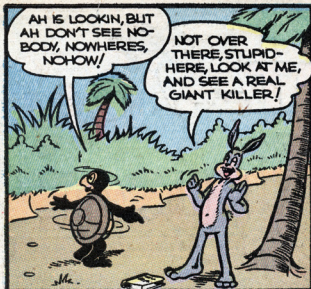
WOW! GOSH, GEE WHIZ, AND GOLLY WILLIKENS!

H'YA, BOSS--WHAT YO' ALL READIN' ABOUT?

H-M-M-M--"JACK DE GIANT KILLER"--HE SHO WULS DE BESTEST GIANT KILLER WHAT EVER KILLED A GIANT--HE SHO WULZ!

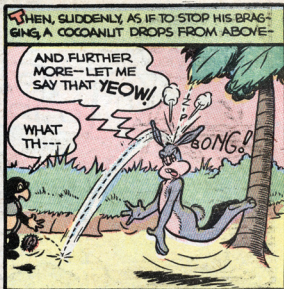
OH YEAH! WELL, LOOK RIGHT HERE, BROTHER--LOOK RIGHT HERE!





AH IS LOOKIN, BUT
AH DON'T SEE NO-
BODY, NOWHERES,
NOHOW!

NOT OVER
THERE, STUPID-
HERE, LOOK AT ME,
AND SEE A REAL
GIANT KILLER!



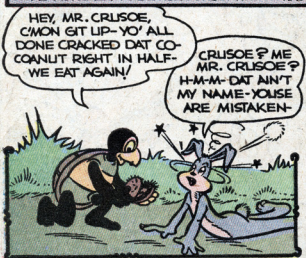
THEN, SUDDENLY, AS IF TO STOP HIS BRAG-
GING, A COCONUT DROPS FROM ABOVE-

AND FURTHER
MORE--LET ME
SAY THAT YEOW!

WHAT
TH---

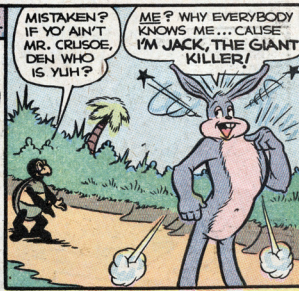
BOING!

AND THEN IT HAPPENED--THE BLOW ON HIS
HEAD ACTUALLY MADE HIM FORGET WHO HE WAS--



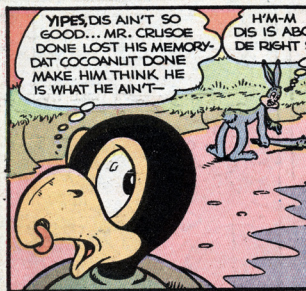
HEY, MR. CRUSOE,
C'MON GIT UP--YO' ALL
DONE CRACKED DAT CO-
COANUT RIGHT IN HALF--
WE EAT AGAIN!

CRUSOE? ME
MR. CRUSOE?
H-M-M--DAT AIN'T
MY NAME--YOUSE
ARE MISTAKEN--



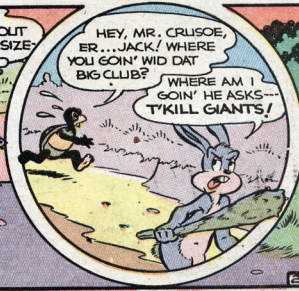
MISTAKEN?
IF YO' AIN'T
MR. CRUSOE,
DEN WHO
IS YUH?

ME? WHY EVERYBODY
KNOWS ME... CAUSE
I'M JACK, THE GIANT
KILLER!



YIPES, DIS AIN'T SO
GOOD... MR. CRUSOE
DONE LOST HIS MEMORY--
DAT COCOANUT DONE
MAKE HIM THINK HE
IS WHAT HE AIN'T--

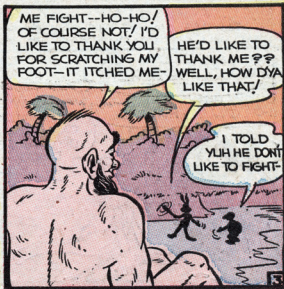
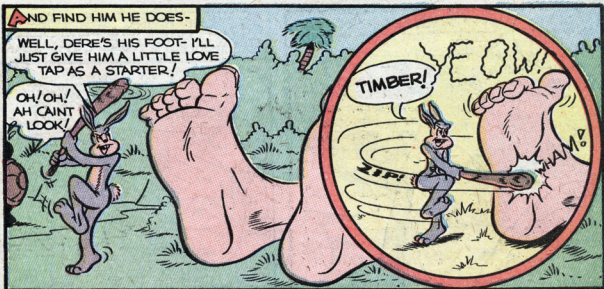
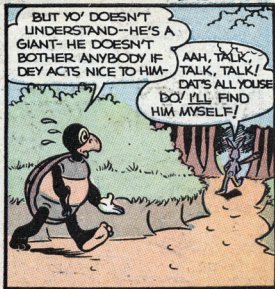
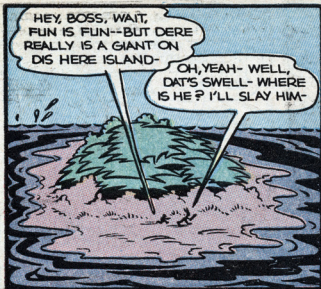
H'M-M
DIS IS ABOUT
DE RIGHT SIZE--

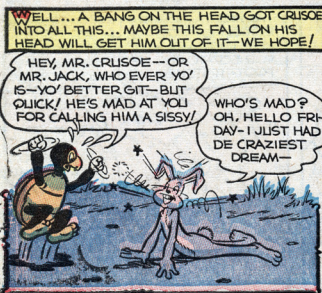
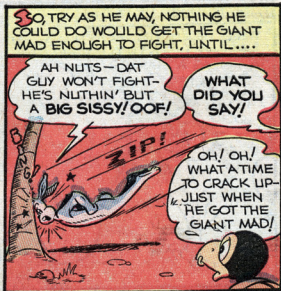
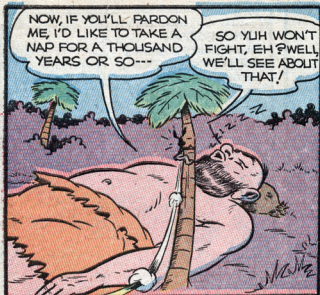


HEY, MR. CRUSOE,
ER... JACK! WHERE
YOU GOIN' WID DAT
BIG CLUB?

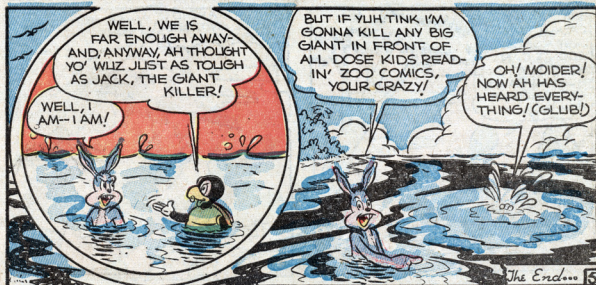
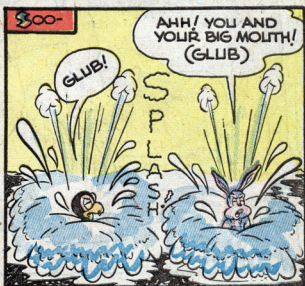
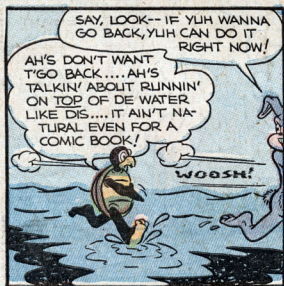
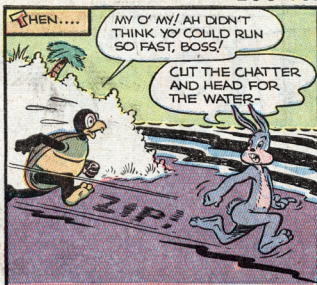
WHERE AM I
GOIN' HE ASKS--
T'KILL GIANTS!

ZOO FUNNIES





ZOO FUNNIES

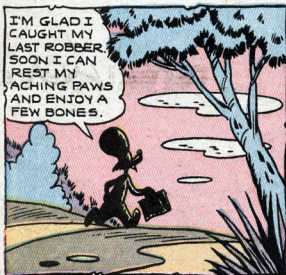


DETECTO

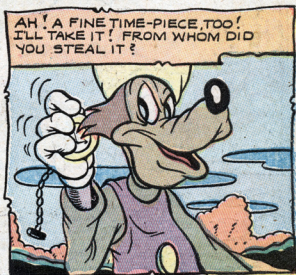
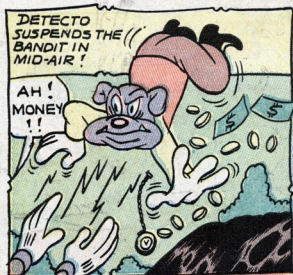
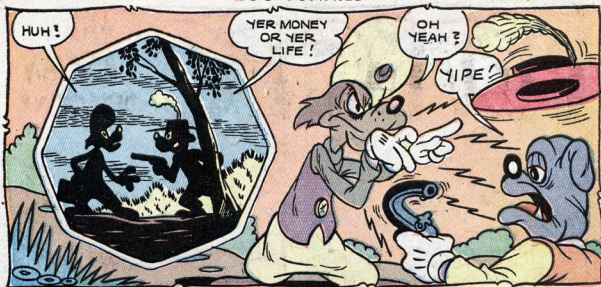
the
MAGICIAN
DETECTIVE

DETECTO FINDS
THAT HIS STUDY OF
MAGIC MAKES HIM
A STILL GREATER
DETECTIVE!

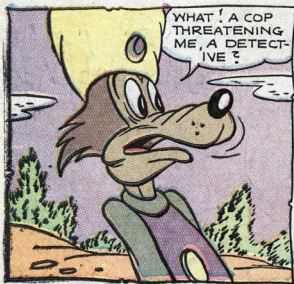
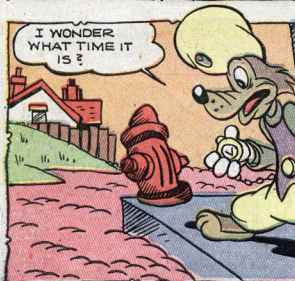
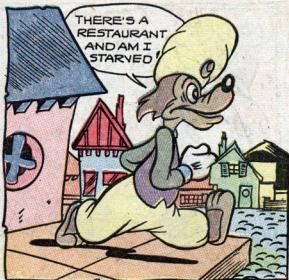
NEXT
TOWN
3 MILES



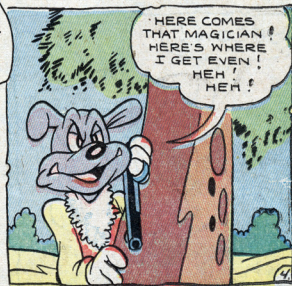
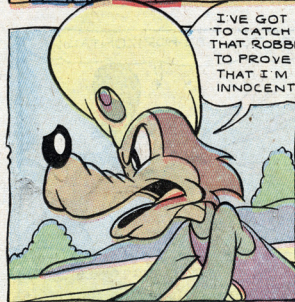
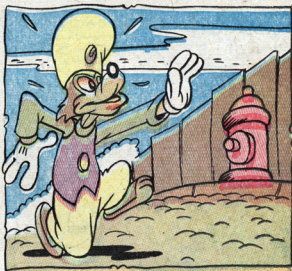
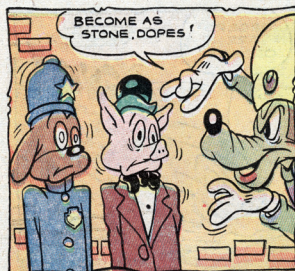
ZOO FUNNIES



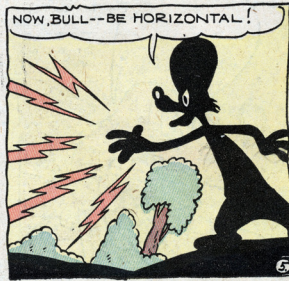
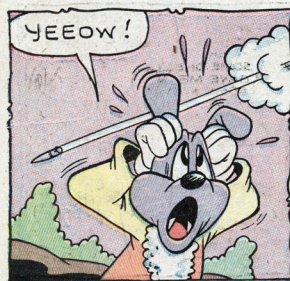
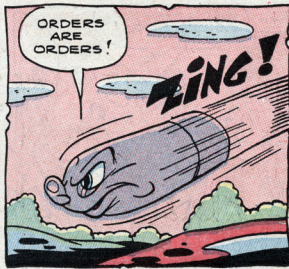
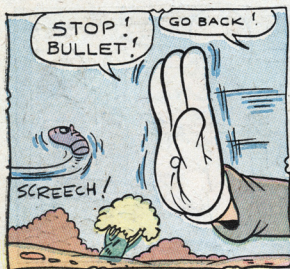
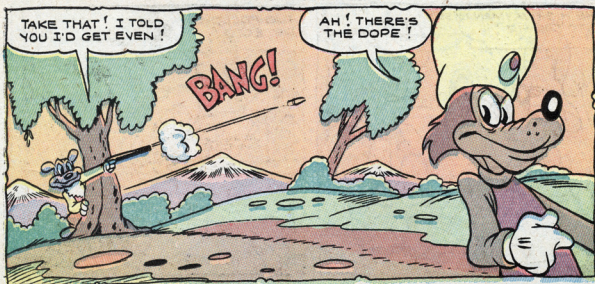
ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES

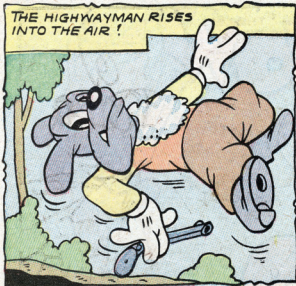


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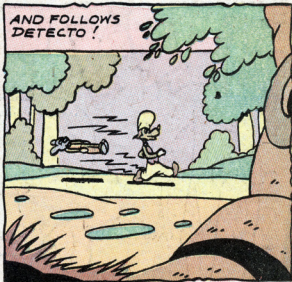


ZOO FUNNIES

THE HIGHWAYMAN RISES INTO THE AIR !



AND FOLLOWS DETECTO !



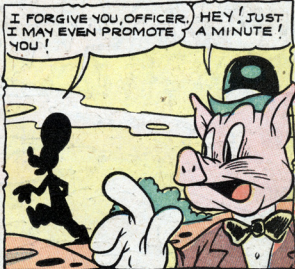
HERE'S THE BANDIT, OFFICER.

OH, YOU ARE THE GREAT DETECTO ! FORGIVE ME FOR THINKING YOU WERE A THIEF !

GRR !

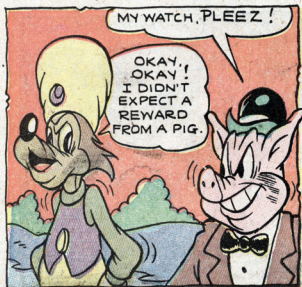


I FORGIVE YOU, OFFICER. HEY ! JUST A MINUTE ! YOU !

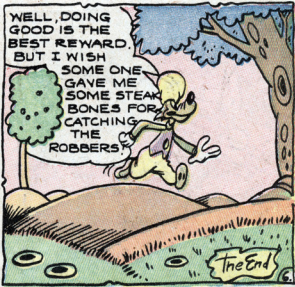


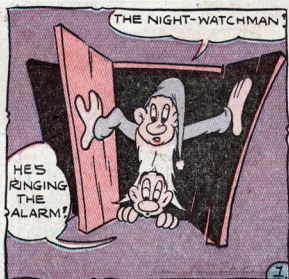
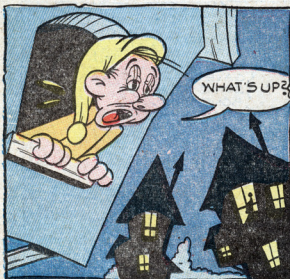
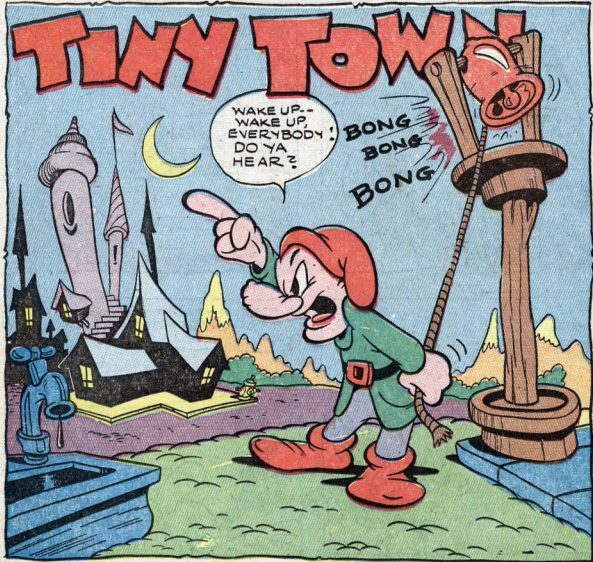
MY WATCH, PLEEZ !

OKAY, OKAY ! I DIDN'T EXPECT A REWARD FROM A PIG.

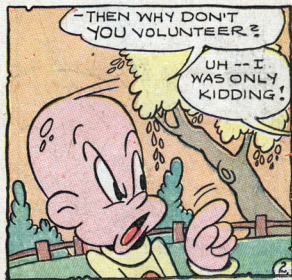
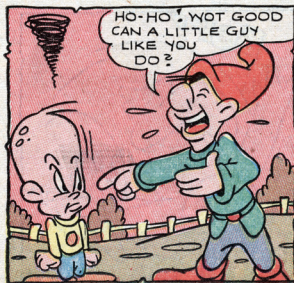
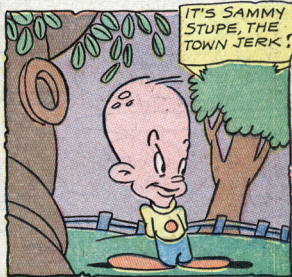
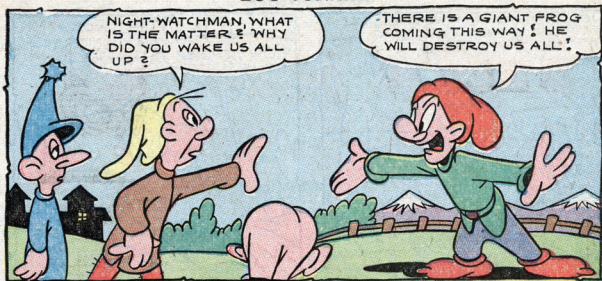


WELL, DOING GOOD IS THE BEST REWARD. BUT I WISH SOME ONE GAVE ME SOME STEAK BONES FOR CATCHING THE ROBBERS.

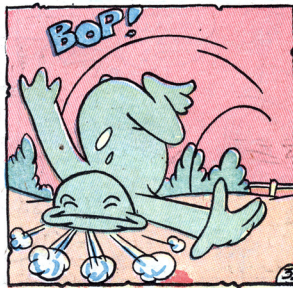
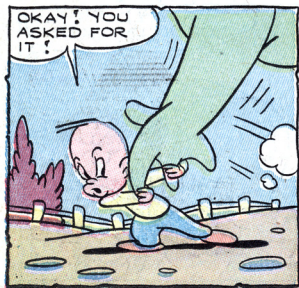
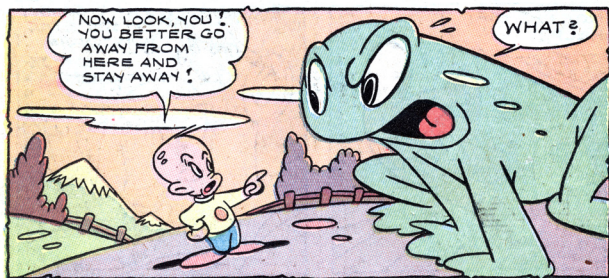
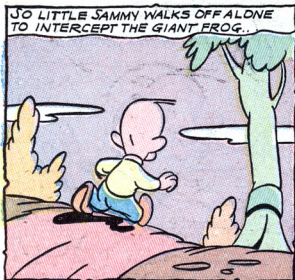




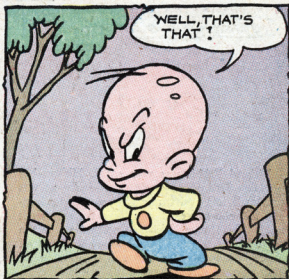
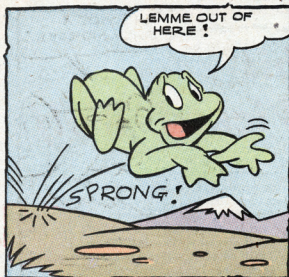
ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



Richard Rabbit and Wicked Wolf

Richard Rabbit was very angry. His mother wouldn't let him do anything. She said he was too small to travel through the woods by himself and she never let him leave the area right around his home. Richard thought he was a great hunter. He had been reading in books all about how to shoot a gun and throw a knife, and he was sure he could go out and catch Wicked Wolf who roamed the woods eating everything he saw. Richard would practice all day with his toy gun that shot out the cork. "Bang! Bang! I got you, Mister Wolf," he'd yell. He was even learning how to lasso a person and he was becoming pretty good at it.

This particular day he was standing in front of the mirror with his gun in one hand and his lasso in the other.

"She can't do this to me," he said to himself in the mirror. "I'm a great hunter. What's more, I'm brave. I'm not afraid of anything or anyone, not even Wicked Wolf."

Then an idea struck him. Why didn't he go out into the woods without his mother knowing and catch Wicked Wolf. What a hero he would be then. He thought and thought. "I've got it," he cried. When mother goes out to look for some food, I'll sneak off into the woods and get Wicked Wolf." And that's just what he did.

About one o'clock in the afternoon Richard's mother got ready to go out.

"Now you be a good boy, Richard," she said.

"Yes, mother."

"Remember to stay inside the house until I get back and don't let any strangers in."

"Yes, mother."

"Well, as long as you understand, I'll be off. I'll be back in an hour or two." With that, Mrs. Rabbit went out.

"A fine thing," said Richard to himself. "She treats me like a baby. I can't even go with her when she goes looking for food. I'll show her, yes sir, I'll show her."

He got together all his hunting equipment, even his hunter's hat which he got from sending in box tops of a breakfast cereal, and he started on his way. He peeked out of the door first just to make sure that his mother wasn't around. When he saw she wasn't he was on his way, gun over his shoulder, rope in his belt, hunter's hat on his head and a happy heart. He

was so happy he was whistling.

He entered the woods when his friend Davey Deer came bounding up to him.

"Hey, there, Richard. What are you doing in the woods by yourself? And where are you going all dressed up like that?"

"I'm tired of staying around the house and doing nothing. I'm a great hunter and I'm going to catch Wicked Wolf."

Davey Deer's eyes popped wide open.

"You-you-you mean you're going to try to catch W-w-wicked Wolf?"

"I certainly am. Want to come along and join the fun?"

Davey stepped back a little. "Not me, not me. You're crazy to go after him. Why he'll eat you up. I saw him running after Woody Woodchuck this morning and I don't even know if Woody got away."

"Well, someone's got to get him and since everyone is afraid, it's up to me. I'll shoot him, and then I'll tie him up and bring him in for everyone to see."

"Good-luck, Richard," said Davey and the two of them parted, Richard going deeper and deeper into the woods. Nothing Davey had said had made him scared. Why that wolf was just an overgrown pup and he, mighty Richard Rabbit wasn't afraid of him. Yes sir, an overgrown pup, nothing but an overgrown—"Grrrrrr!"

Richard jumped. What was that? He heard it again: "Grrrrrr!" only this time it was louder. He looked around and saw Wicked Wolf standing near a big tree with his teeth showing and a hungry look on his face.

Richard tipped his hat and said, "G-g-good afternoon. Are you Wicked Wolf?"

The Wolf was startled that the rabbit had spoken to him. He came a bit closer. "Yeah, that's me. Why?"

By this time the two of them were standing very close to each other.

Richard said, "Well, then I'm afraid I'm going to have to kill you."

Saying that he lowered his gun and fired the cork right at the Wolf's face. *Pop*, it went as it hit his nose. The Wolfe blinked three or four times, looked at the gun, looked at little Richard standing in front of him and started to laugh.

"Haw-haw-haw haw. Did you think you were

going to kill me with that little thing? Haw-haw-haw."

"Now Richard was getting scared. In fact he was so scared that he couldn't even run. He just stood there with his eyes wide open and watched the Wolf, who was still laughing. Suddenly the Wolf stopped laughing and put his face very close to Richard's.

"You had your chance, now you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to eat you up. Yes sir, I'm in the mood right now for young tasty rabbit." With that he opened up his mouth and snapped his jaws, but Richard wasn't there. He had finally gotten up enough courage to run and was he running! Wicked Wolf was right on his trail and that Wolf could run, too. Up hills, down hills, around hills they went. Around a tree, around a bush, through a bush, over a fence, under a fence they went and little Richard was getting very tired. Behind him he could head the panting of the angry Wolf. Oh what was he going to do? Then he had an idea. It was his one chance. He had to put on a real burst of speed and dodge around a tree so that the Wolf would keep going straight and give Richard a chance to put a plan into operation. You see, he still wanted to catch that Wolf.

With all the strength he had left, he ran faster and faster and the Wolf, taken by surprise, was soon left behind. Down the road Richard went and then he saw his chance. He dodged around a tree just before there was a bend in the road, and Wicked Wolf went straight on ahead. Once the Wolf was out of sight, Richard Rabbit hurriedly took out his long rope, which was a very strong one, and tied one end of it around a big sturdy tree on one side of the road and tied the other around a tree on the other side of the road. He made sure that the knots were good and tight, and then he went down the road around the bend toward where the Wolf had gone. Up ahead he saw the Wolf. He was standing in the middle of the road scratching his head and looking all around him. Richard cupped his paws and yelled,

"Hey, you big overgrown puppy. Here I am!" The Wolf spun around, saw Richard, snarled

and growled, and started back up the road after him. Richard waited until he was very close and then he started running towards where the rope was stretched across the road with the Wolf right on his heels. Around the bend they went, Richard dashing under the rope. The Wolf, however, was going so fast that he didn't see the rope and couldn't stop himself in time even if he had. WHAM! He went smacking into the rope at full speed. It caught him in the neck, and knocked him back and as his head hit the ground, he became unconscious. Richard ran over, pulled the rope loose from the trees and tied Wicked Wolf's four paws and his mouth. Then tugging on the end of the rope he started back home, dragging the Wolf behind him. It was tough going, because the Wolf was big and heavy. Slowly, but surely, though, Richard was dragging him back. Then he heard someone calling his name and up the road he saw his mother, his father and little Davey Deer running to meet him.

"There you are, you bad boy," cried his mother when she reached him.

"Look, folks, I got him. I got Wicked Wolf."

They looked, but they couldn't believe what they saw.

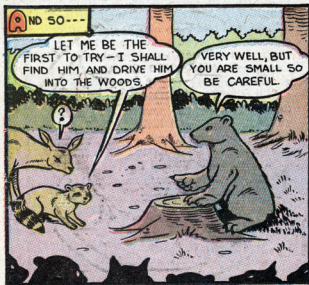
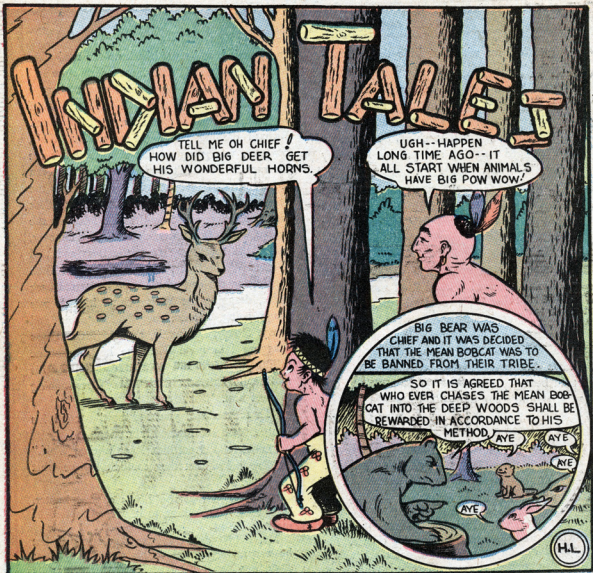
"You see, I told you I was a great hunter. Why there was nothing to it. He was scared of me!"

Mr. Rabbit didn't believe that last part but he was mighty proud of his son. Davey Deer stood looking at his friend with his eyes wide open. He still didn't think it was true that Richard had caught Wicked Wolf all by himself. Richard told them how he did it, of course omitting how scared he was and how he had run away from the Wolf. Then they all pulled the rope and dragged the Wolf out of the woods and to their home.

"I'll call up Sheriff Fighting Fox and tell him to come and get him," said Mr. Rabbit.

"Well, Mom," said Richard, "I guess I certainly showed that I was a big man, huh? I guess now you'll treat me like a grown-up."

"I certainly will," said his mother. "From now on, you can come with me when I go looking for food."

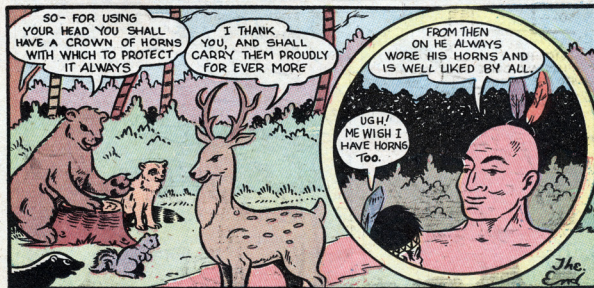
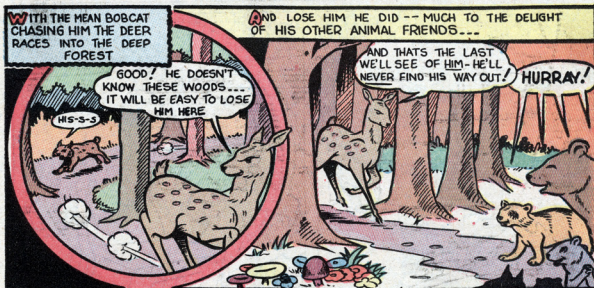


ZOO FUNNIES

BUT ALAS! ALL THE ANIMALS TRIED, YET ALL IN VAIN... THERE WAS ONLY ONE LEFT... THE DEER.



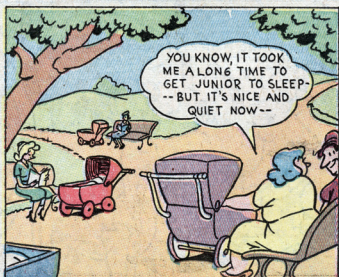
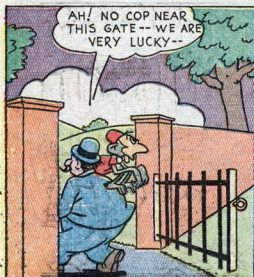
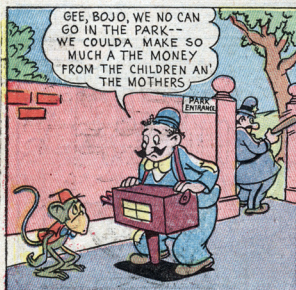
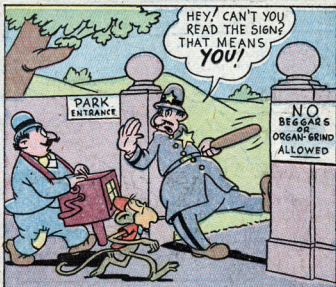
WITH THE MEAN BOBCAT CHASING HIM THE DEER RACES INTO THE DEEP FOREST



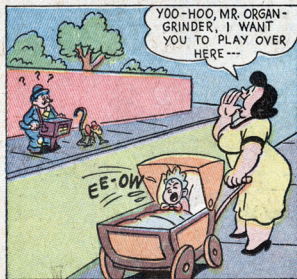
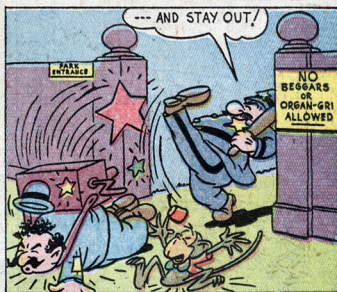
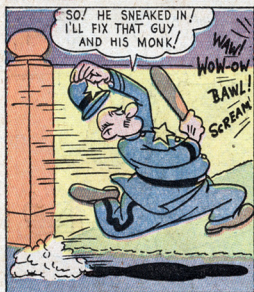
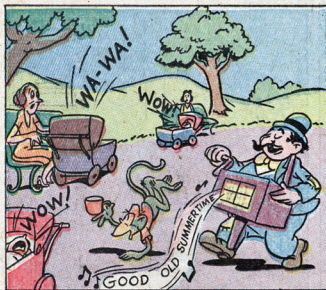
BOJO

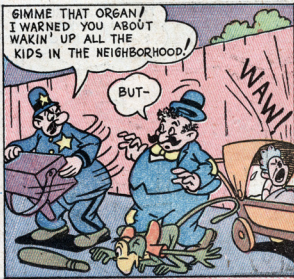
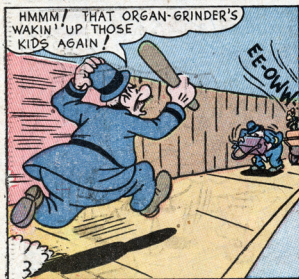
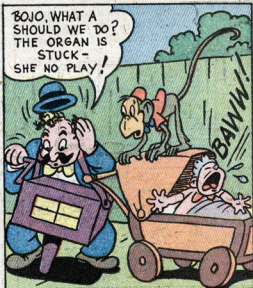
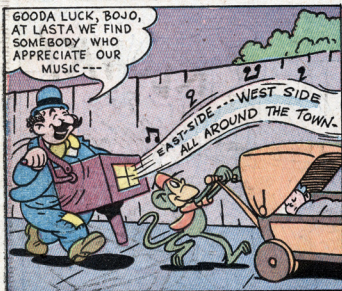
THE MONK
AND

TONY

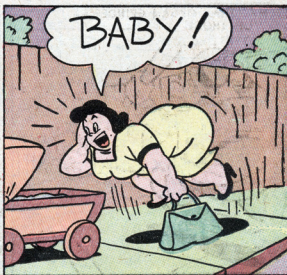
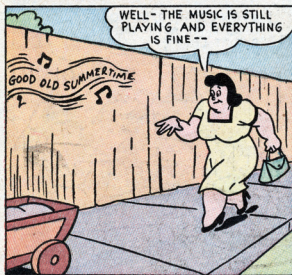
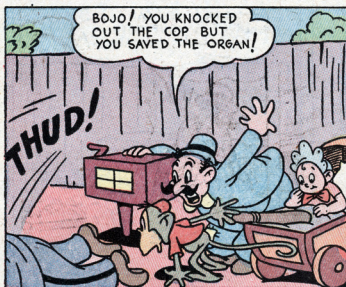
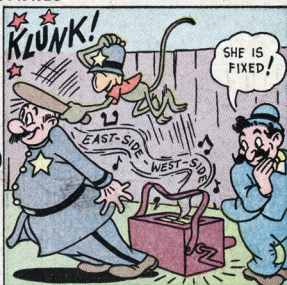
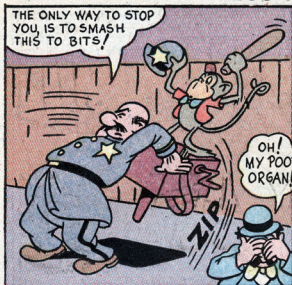


ZOO FUNNIES

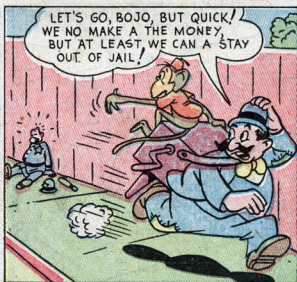
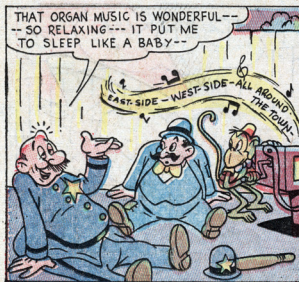
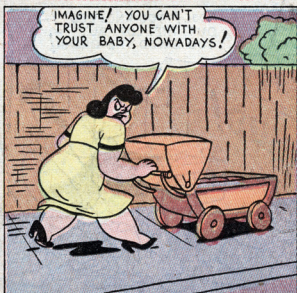
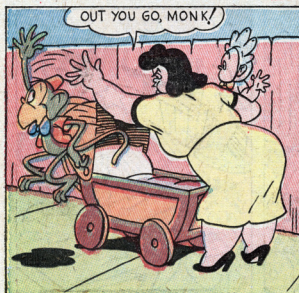
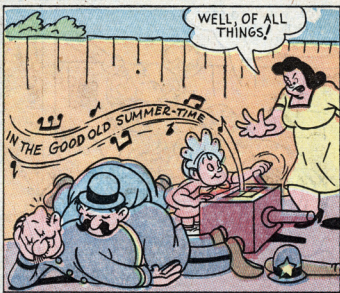




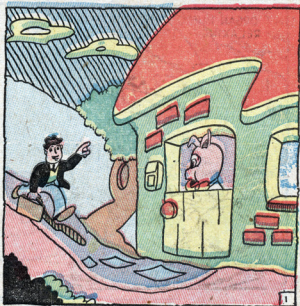
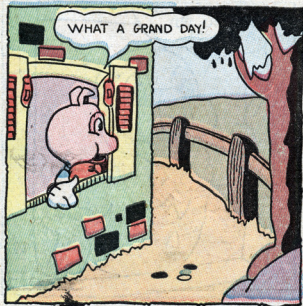
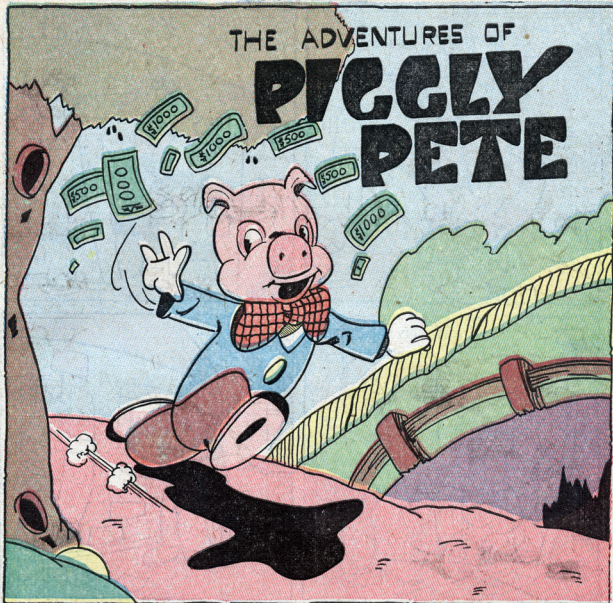
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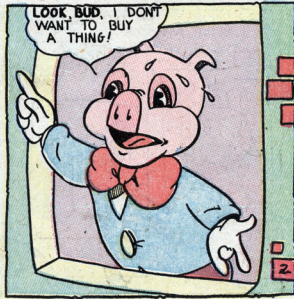
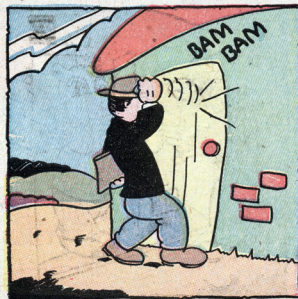
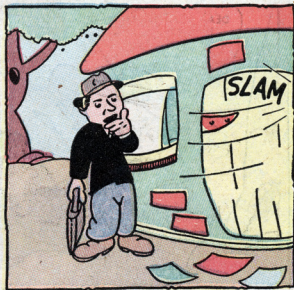
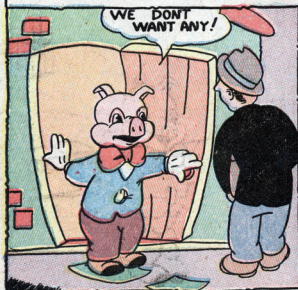
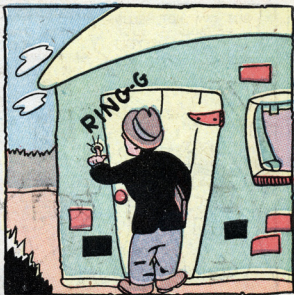
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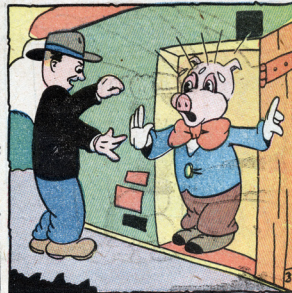
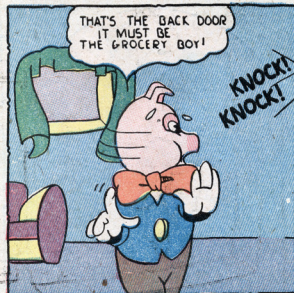
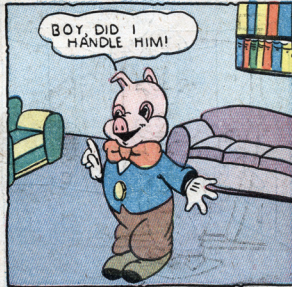
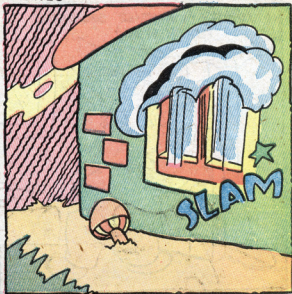
THE ADVENTURES OF
PICGLY PETE



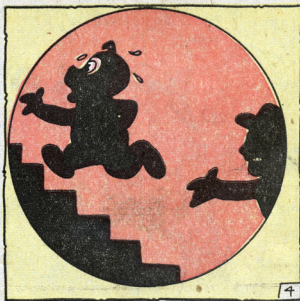
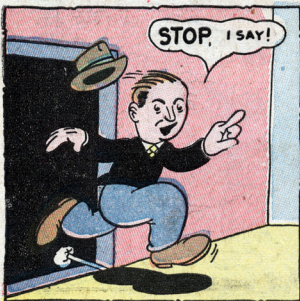
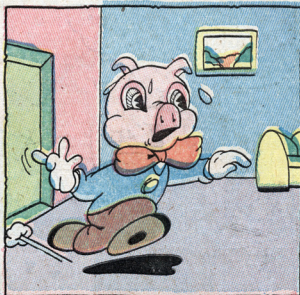
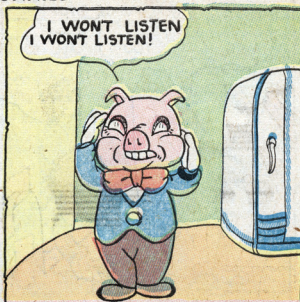
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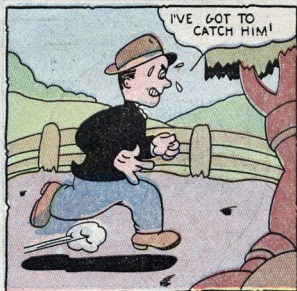
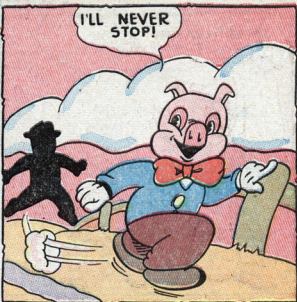
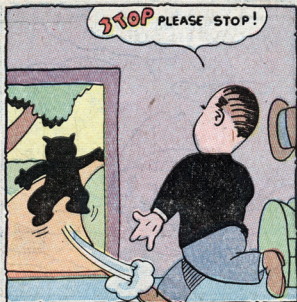


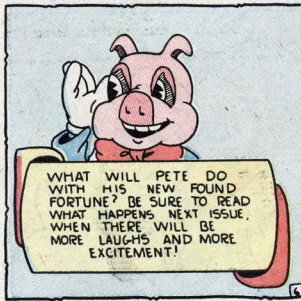
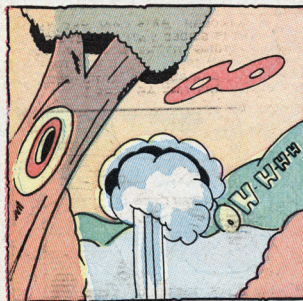
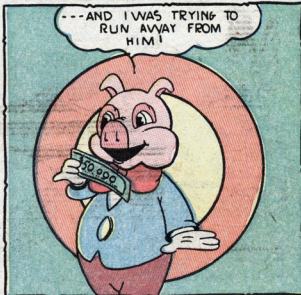
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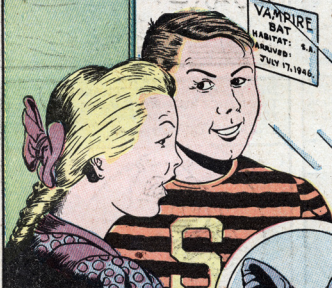
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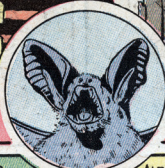




A VISIT TO THE ZOO WITH PATSY AND LOU



BATS, THE ONLY MAMMALS THAT CAN REALLY FLY, ARE NOT BLIND. HOWEVER, THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE



GUIDED BY A METHOD SIMILAR TO RADAR, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO FLY WITH ACCURACY IN UTTER DARKNESS.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE BAT DOES *NOT* FLY INTO A WOMAN'S HAIR ---



ALTHOUGH BATS CAN SEE, THEIR FLIGHT IS GUIDED ENTIRELY BY SOUND. BY LISTENING TO THE ECHO OF THEIR HIGH-PITCHED CRIES, INAUDIBLE TO HUMAN EARS, THEY ARE ABLE TO AVOID OBSTACLES AS SMALL AND FINE AS WIRE!



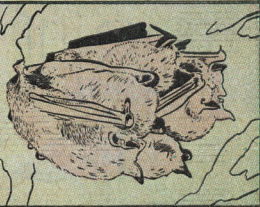
ZOO FUNNIES

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF TROPICAL SPECIES, BATS ARE HARMLESS AND BENEFICIAL, BECAUSE THEY FEED ON INSECTS ---

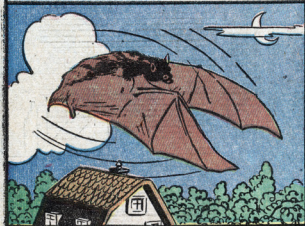


THE PIPISTRELLS, LITTLE BROWN BATS AND OTHER VARIETIES SPEND THE LONG WINTER MONTHS IN CAVES, BARNs, ATTICS ETC., WHERE THEY HANG UPSIDE DOWN IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION ---

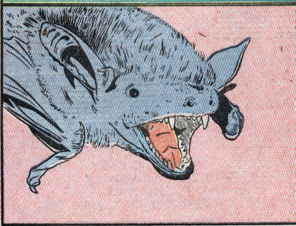
CLUSTER OF HIBERNATING BATS:



FREE BATS, SUCH AS THE RED BAT, HOARY BAT, ETC. MIGRATE SOUTH FOR THE WINTER JUST AS SO MANY BIRDS DO ---



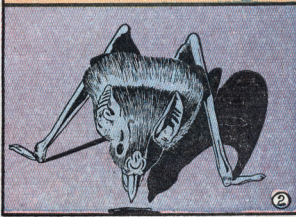
DOMESTIC BATS ARE RARELY LARGER THAN MICE. THEIR TINY, BUT SHARP TEETH MEAN DEATH TO MANY INSECT ENEMIES OF MAN ---



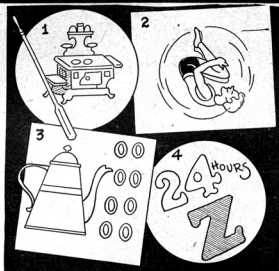
THE PACIFIC FRUIT BAT OR "FLYING FOX", FEEDS ON COCO-PALM LEAVES AND RIPE FRUIT ---



BLOOD, IS THE TROPICAL VAMPIRE BAT'S SOLE DIET. AFTER MAKING A CUT, USUALLY IN THE VICTIMS NOSE OR EAR, THE VAMPIRE LAPS UP THE FREELY FLOWING BLOOD.



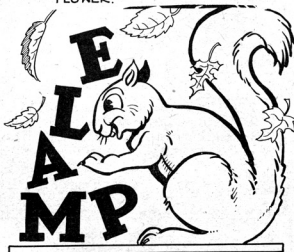
KID'S KWIZ KORNER



SEE IF YOU CAN READ THESE FOUR PICTURES.
NO. 1, IS A FRUIT; NO. 2, GLASSWARE,
NO. 3, A VEGETABLE AND NO. 4 IS A
FLOWER.

WHERE IS THE MONK'S TAIL?

FIND FIVE 4 LETTER WORDS
THAT BEGIN WITH AN "A" AND
END WITH A "D" THAT WILL
FIT THE SQUARE BELOW.



ANSWERS: -
AGED ARID ACID
AWED

A			D
A			D
A			D
A			D
A			D

BILL SQUIRREL WANTS YOU TO
USE A CERTAIN THREE OF THE
ABOVE FIVE LETTERS TO SPELL A
TREE.
THEN USE FOUR OF THEM TO SPELL
ANOTHER TREE . . . FINALLY, USE
ALL THE LETTERS TO SPELL A FIVE-
LETTER TREE.

ANSWERS:
1. LAMP
2. BUSH
3. MARE
4. MARE



**It's EASY
to
Win Her!**

...when You Know How!

READ for YOURSELF!

How To Date A Girl
How To Interest Her
In You
How To Win Her
Love
How To Express Your
Love
How To "Make Up"
With Her
How To Have "Per-
sonality"

How To Look Your
Best
How Not To Offend
How To Be Well-
Mannered
How To Overcome
"Inferiority"
How To Hold Her
Love
How To Show Her A
Good Time

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